THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF DICK ANTHONY OF ARRAN :: TALBOT MUNDY

Dick ANTHONY of Arran—Scots gentleman, with barely a sparc shirt to his name, but with a heart that was unafraid—stoof out alone where a spring splashed. One hand rested on a rock that looked not very much unlike a rough-hewn throne, and in the other was a jeweled clay
She the symbols of a man's own self-respect. She waited until he walked up to her stirrup; and she let him lift her to the ground.

"I have a word for your private ear," said the princess to Dick, "and I have ridden far and hard to tell it to you. You must make yourself King of Persia now, or hang! I am here to tell you how to do the one and to avoid the other!"

She the symbols of a man's own self-respect. She waited until he walked up to her stirrup; and she let him lift her to the return to the private and the private

of the night.

"A woman" he panted. "Two women—and two Cossacks—four in all:
They demand speech with Dec-k-An-

They demand speech with Dee-K-Anthones!"
Dick was furious. Well he knew who was the only woman who would dare to track him through the Elburz mountain gorges to the haunt of Russia's enemies. The other could only be her maid. He had turned his back on the Princess Olga Karageorgovich at the head of a pass, amid Russian dead and wounded, fifty miles away, and he had thought every mile of the intervening climb worth while, because it was that much more trackless distance between him and her.

Tell them they may go to—" he began.

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heart that was unafraid—stoop out alone where a spring splashed. One hand rested on a rock the flooked not very much unlike a rough-hewn there are the restricted that the control of the

noment.
"There are others who know me-who can identify me!" he urge

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Rut the shadows burst to pleess and the darkness shook, as a thousand outlaws interrupted him and voiced one judgment.

"Stone them: Shoot them! Rurn them them they are Russians—they come will be the shadows burst to pleess and you him nover—take and burn them treat them as the Cossacks treated out."

"Stone them: Shoot them! Rurn them the definition of the elements."

"Stence": thundered Dick, and his voice was like the sudden crashing of the elements of the amphitheater, but not a murnar answered him. He had no notion how he looked, an theheaded in the know what Usbeg All had told behind his back about is being Alexander of Macedon come to life again. He knew nothing in that minute excent that he stood and faced a thousand in a ring of pale light beyond which he could not see.

The mob that had so long been weary of its lawlessness was beginning to have one mind and to see.

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Thrince's said the old headman bo

KING DICK

And then like a salvo of artillery there crashed across the amphitheather "Zinda-bad Dec-k-anthonee Shah!"

They pressed around him. And as they looked through a gap between the true true of the control of the contro



"My king!" she murmured, as he wheeled his horse.

single mounted man, that was, who owned Dick as his chief.

"Will he not come and say good-by to me?" the princess asked.

"No!" they assured her. "Forward!"

"Nichevo!" she answered. "It does not and the rest of us they shot and the rest of us they the description.

all Asia laugh—mixed excitement scorn for the spelling, and astonish ment. He tore the envelope open under the eyes of a small army, whose at tention had been caught by his grim-aces.

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Marie Mouquin wrote:

"The Cossacks came this evening, without horses, without rifles, without anything. All Astrabad is excited. She says it is very good, but they say it is too bad. The telegraph now says that King Dick is too much and kill him quick. Positively yes, other Cossacks and artillery will march against King Dick very soon now. So, beware. Send another man to me and I will send all the news. I paid this man three hundred rubles.

"Your loving."

"MARIE MOUQUIN."

three hundred rousing.

"Your loving.

"MARIE MOUQUIN."

He walked over, griming, to where Dick sat listening to Usbeg Ali's notion of a plan.

"There: he said, holding out the letter. "That comes o' kissin' a wumman instead o' treatin' her wi'scorn."

Dick read the letter, frowning. Then he tossed it back.

"All right." he said quietly. "Can you use that machine gun?"

"There's naethin' Td like better!"

"Don it. then. De you want men to draw it or horses?"

"Very will—choose the men. Take five hundred rounds tomorrow ampractise at a target," said Dick. "How many men do the last arrivals say the Russians have in Astrabad?" resuming his talk with Usbeg Ali. Get your seven together some time tonight and give them a good talking to; put fire into them. But impress them with the need of exact obedience. And caution the men to be ready for a start at dawn the day after tomorow. This time I shall serve out a hundred rounds per man, but otherwise we will march light."

"March on where, sahib?"

"On Astrabad, of course."

When Marie Mouquin wrote Andry that the city of Astrabad was "ex-cited" she omitted nine-tenths of the truth.

In the palace where the princess had

In the palace where the princess had her residence was the most disturbance. The situation was out of hand and the princess labored to regain control of it. She stormed; she showed authority in writing that made her responsible for all that took place on the Persian side of the border. The military granted it was genuine, saluted and refused obedience. She sent telegrams, and so did they. Answers came to the effect that she, and only she, had authority to act and issue orders, By sheer weight of their count of guns and men their arguments began to have the better of it, and by grudging inches at a time the princess yielded.

She wrote Furriedly:

"Dick! Dear Dick! Escape at once along the mountain range to the unexplored country in the northeast! I cannot check the flood of indignation!

size the size as the steer when a set will be stated with a state of the state of t

themselves doggedly to show mere outlaws how trained soldiers can recover a setback. Dick galloped past them out of range-rode on, and on to the city gate. He had expected to have to take the gate, but Persians fung it wide for him, to yells of "Zindabad Dick Anthony Shah."

"Zindabad Dick Anthony Shah:"

There was never a king returning from conquest who received a greater evation or a gladder one than Dick Anthony when he entered Astrabad. There was no need for Dick to waste time visiting the Russian barracks, nor any need for threats; the Persians flocked to him, begging to be given orders.

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"Horses!" he demanded: and they ran to bring all the Russian horses they could find.

"Ammunition!"

The word went round, and they broke down the doors of Russian magazines and piled the contents on Russian wagons.

Then he led his column through the streets past the palace where the princess and her maid still stood before the door.

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"Help!" they screamed. "Help!" And again, since they were women and he a gentleman, he took notice of them. coming to a halt.

"Will you leave us to the mercy of the mob!" asked the princess.

He recognized the certainty of what would happen should he leave the Russian women there. He said nothing, but he rode close to the steps and took the princess underneath the arms. She sprang, and he swung her up in front of him.

"My king!" she murmured, as he wheeled his horse, but he did not seem to hear; he was watching a Persian horseman gather up her maid.

"Forward!" he ordered then; and for the next ten minutes the Princess Olga Karageorgovich was much too busy keeping still and clinging to find breath for words or brain for choosing them.

Dick stopped outside the city long

keeping still and clinging to find breath for words or brain for choosing them.

Dick stopped outside the city long enough to let them bring a mount each for the princess and her maid. He helped the princess spring into the other saddle. Then he spoke to her.

"Do you see that hill:" he asked, pointing to the north to where the Atrak river marked the distant boundary of Russia.

"Yes," she said quietly—evidently not expecting what was coming next.

"Ride to it and wait there! Make straight for it if you value your life! Your countrymen—or as many as are left alive of them—will join you there presently! I'm off to round them up!" She stared hard at him, refusing to believe her senses, but he spurred away from her.

Usbeg All rode up grinning, to sa-

Usbeg All rode up grinning, to salute Dick and get a word of praise from him.

"You did well, Usbeg Ali!"

"Sahib, I did my best! Now what's

"Sahib, I did my best from what a next?"

"Back to the mountains where we came from, Usbeg Ali) We are brigands yet—not kinge! D'you want to be caught like a rat in a trap in Astrabad and be blown to pieces by artillery? We're at war with Russia—with the world for all we know! We're outlaws! We're off!"